

LIES
SUN
WATER
CATS
NAG

19

CHARGES AGAINST
THE YOUNG HERR HOLM
FOR GROSS SELF-

PROPAGANDA

GLASSES
ITCH
STUFF
AND
MORE!



www.cartoonarchy.blogspot.com

死

Welcome...



ALL CONTENT
WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED, AND LIVED
BY
KIM HOLM

FROM 2009 TO 2010 ON CRETE
AND IN BERGEN, NORWAY, WHERE
KIM CURRENTLY SPENDS HIS
TIME STARING BROODINGLY
AT EMPTY SPACE AND WRITING
ABOUT HIMSELF IN THIRD-PERSON...



All content in this comic is meant to be shared in any way possible. If
you're interested in publishing anything from these pages, for fun or for
profit, please contact me at:

DenUngeHerrHolm@gmail.com

or through my blog,

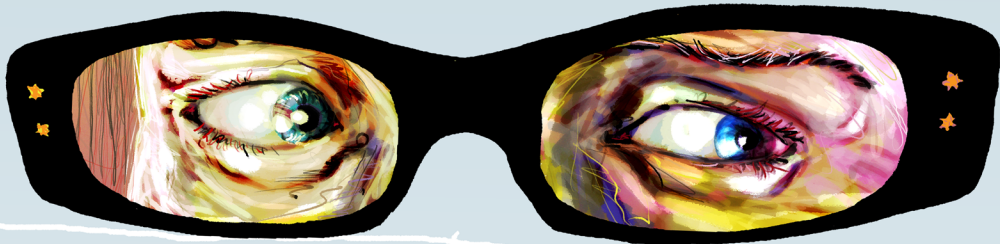
Oh, and enjoy!

Thanks to @jf_moen @Gonzalexx @Sallythatdraws
and a stranger on Twitter for proof-reading.

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BLINK



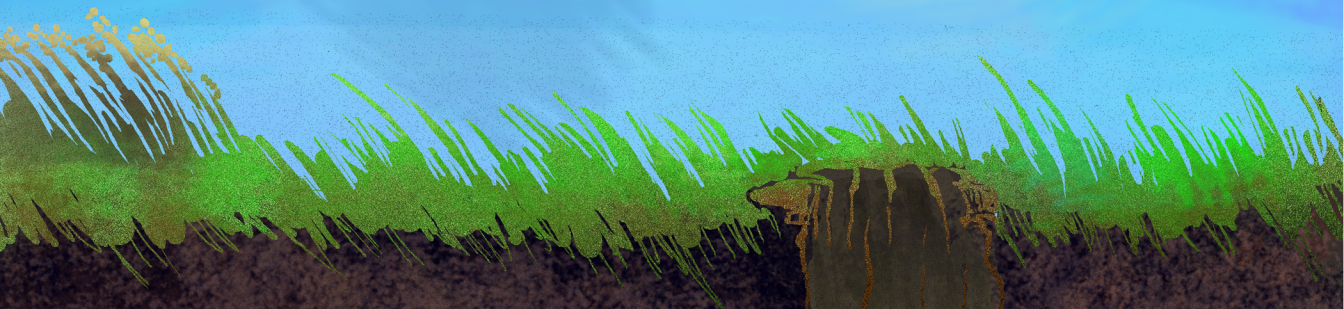
IT'S REALLY THAT SIMPLE. JUST SHUT EYES AND SEE WHAT IS.
IT'S REALLY THAT SIMPLE. JUST SHUT EYES AND SEE WHAT IS.
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IT'S REALLY THAT SIMPLE. JUST SHUT EYES AND SEE WHAT IS.
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IT'S REALLY THAT SIMPLE. JUST SHUT EYES AND SEE WHAT IS.



BOOPS...

卐

KIM PREPARES
FOR
SUMMER



AURGH...

MY
EYES...MY
EYES...

it
BURNS!!
YAAARRHG...



A LITTLE BREAK...

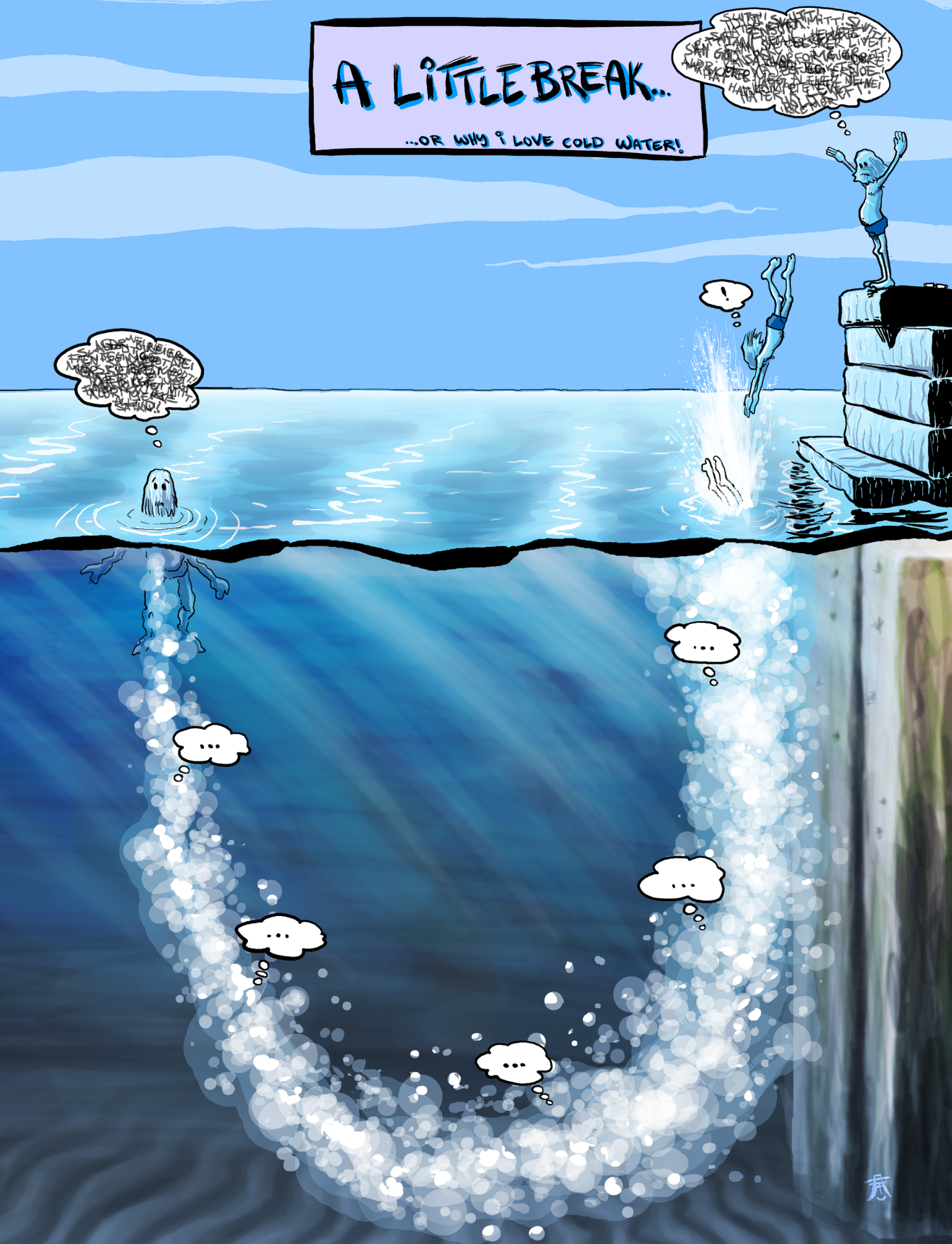
...OR WHY I LOVE COLD WATER!

SAY WHAT?

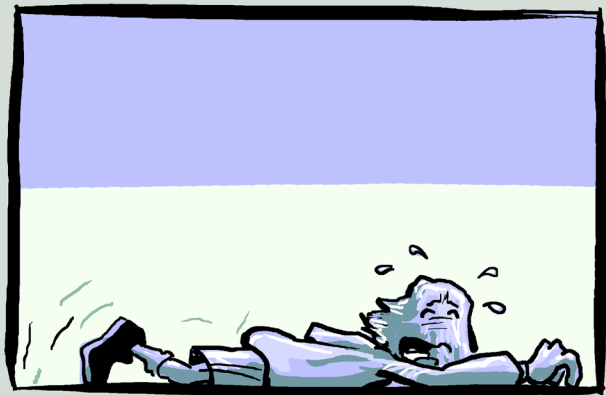
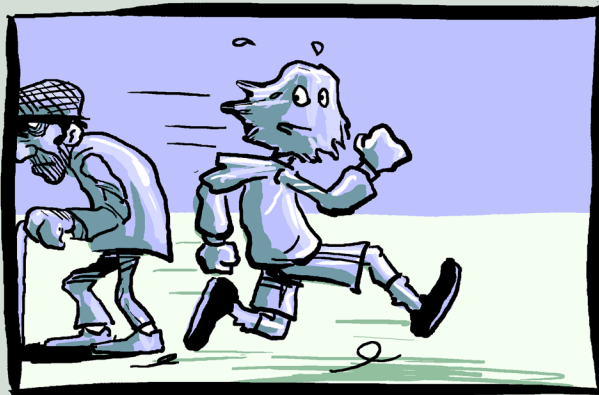
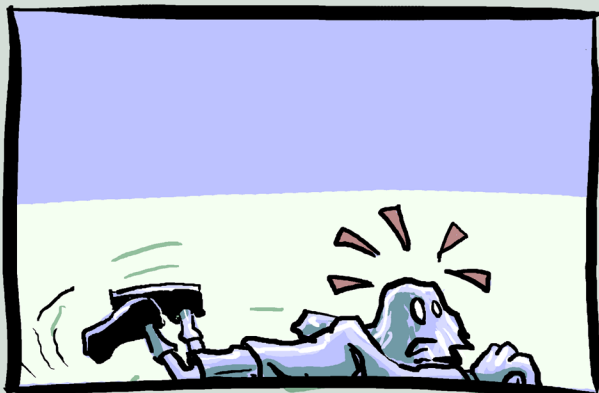
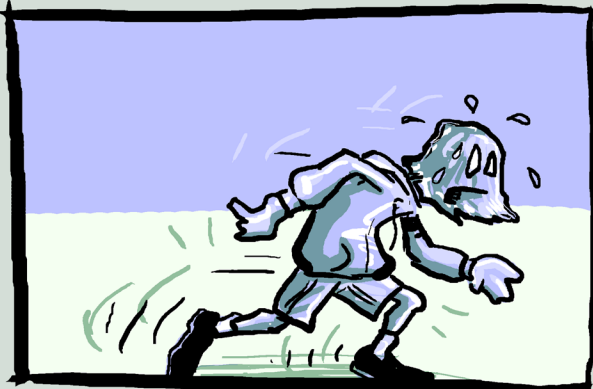
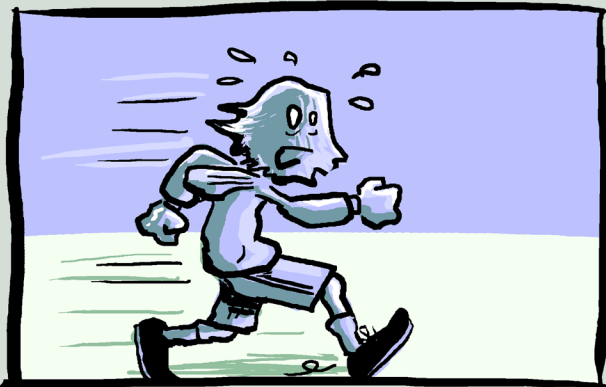
A LITTLE BREAK...

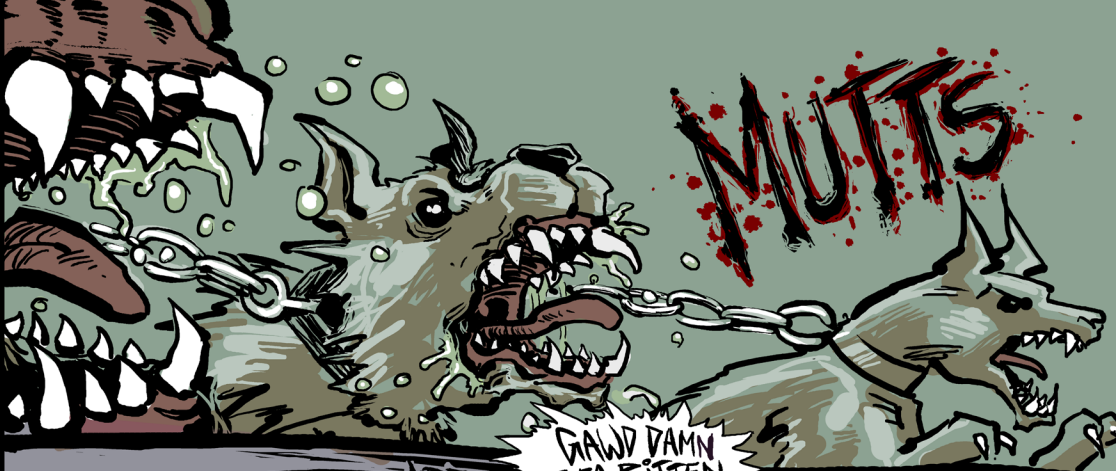
...OR WHY I LOVE COLD WATER!

SAY WHAT?

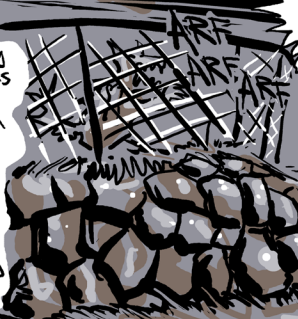


Exercise...





Seems like every house on Grète has a watchdog. Not well-trained watchdogs that stare and glare, but scabby mongrels that yank their chains and rattle the fences trying to break free and get me.



GAWD DAMN FLEA-BITTEN DAUGS!!



Sometimes the chains break or gates are left open...

RAFF! RAFF! RAFF!



RAUWR!!

Help!

Luckily, I've listened to more black Metal than the dogs.



Two dogs (and owners) moved into the next house. The small one is called Kiki and is totally hyper. Don't remember the old one's name. Doesn't matter anyway. It's dead. Every time I'm in the garden they bark. They'll get used to me soon, the owners assure me.

VOFFOFF

VAFF VAFF VAFF



A lot of the dogs on the way to the beach have gotten used to me. Their barking stops when they hear my voice. So I've started singing while I bike. Doesn't always work, but it's always nice...

♪ I'm a poor ♪
lonesome cowboy, ♪
a long way from ♪
home... ♪

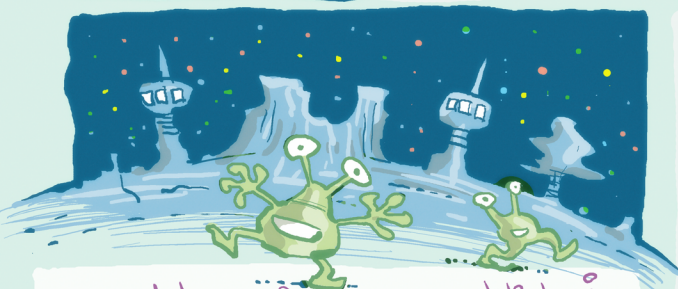


Excuses...

As some of you might have noticed I haven't updated my comics in a little while. Evil tongues may try to suggest that this is because of laziness and incompetence, but oh noes...



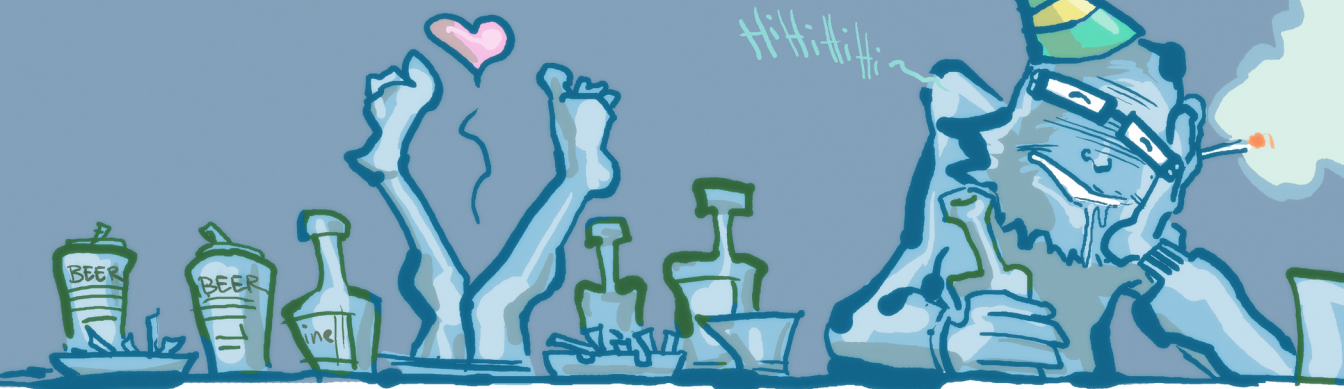
...As it happens, I was strolling merrily along, ready for an honest day's work, when I heard a peculiar humming above me. The noise reminded me of something between an electric toothbrush and a Gregorian choir hopped up on helium



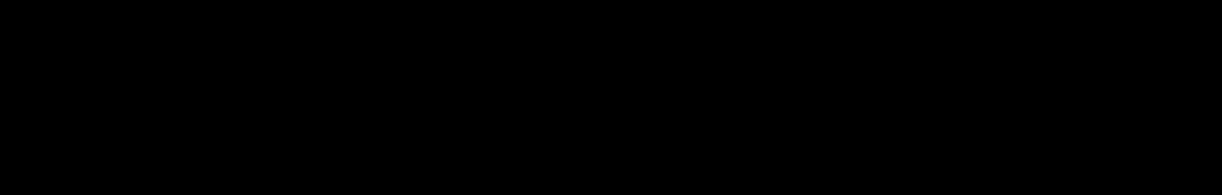
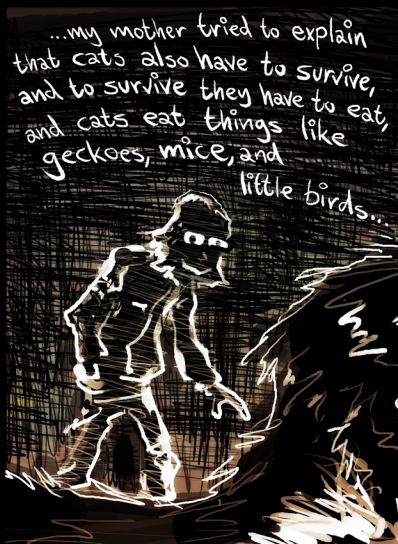
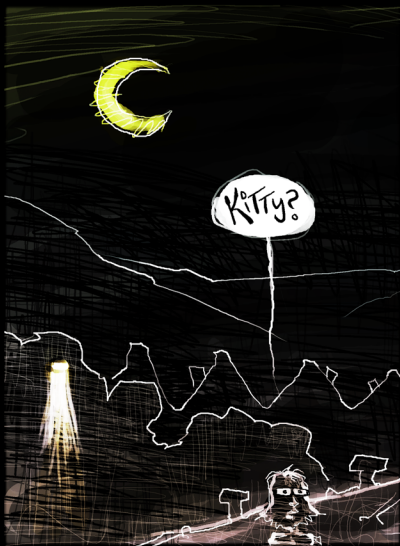
...and before I could even blink I was abducted by aliens that manhandled me away to their home planet called "シタロト加西オロト" (which is difficult to pronounce without at least 5 larynxes).



There I had to save a cuddly prince from the evil Count Olaf, and it goes without saying that stuff like that takes a lot of time away from the art-desk. The fate of a planet on my shoulders and a lustful prince that was very lovin' but...



Cats...



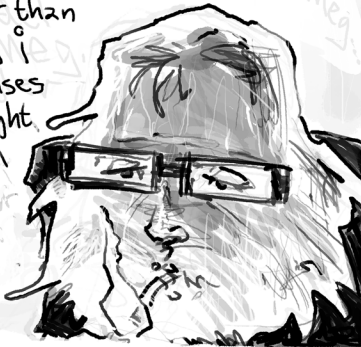
Property...

There's a moped in my room. Not my moped. Not my room, really. Cellar. Borrowed from a friend who rents from others that own yet want to sell what they own to new owners...

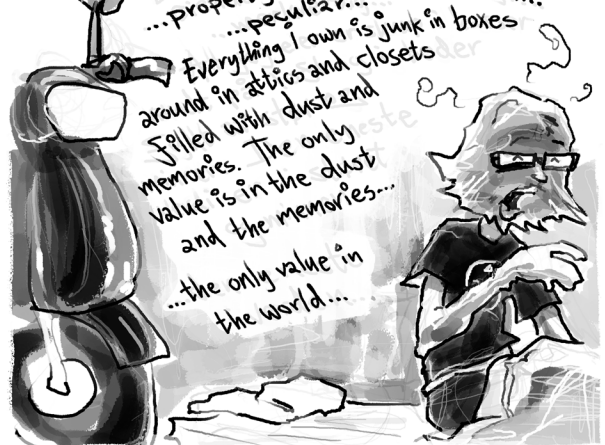


I don't really sleep with my glasses on. They lie on top of the medicine cabinet in the bathroom in the second floor of my mother's house. Forgotten. Contacts on constantly. But the glasses are essential. They are mine. Part of me...

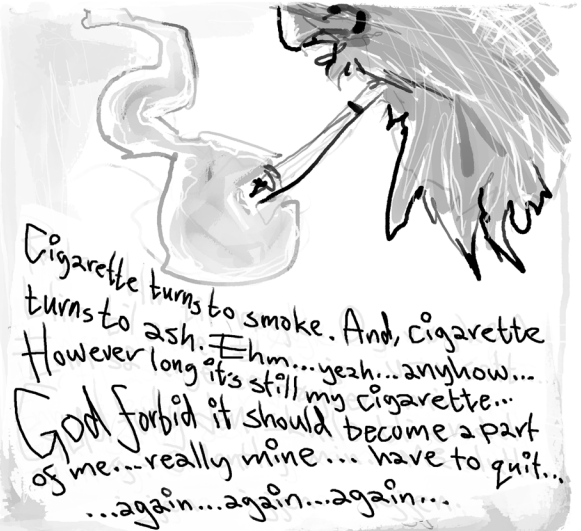
...And... a bit older than me, actually. If I change the lenses the frames might fall apart and turn to dust...



Property is so...ehm...proper... Or really I mean that...you know... property is a strange animal... ...peculiar...



Everything I own is junk in boxes around in attics and closets filled with dust and memories. The only value is in the dust and the memories... ...the only value in the world...



Cigarette turns to smoke. And, cigarette turns to ash. Ehm...yezz...anyhow... However long it's still my cigarette... God forbid it should become a part of me... really mine... have to quit... ...again...again...again...

Forgot to pay back my girlfriend for the cigarettes. Does that mean she owns them? But she is mine, so it's probably all right...

My cigarette. My girlfriend.
My glasses. My boxes.
My room.
My comics.
My copyright.



My comics have no value unless they belong to someone else. Like everything else. The only value. Dust and memories. Today I'm moving my computer away from my room. Moving up out of the cellar. Only dust. Breathe in. Smoke. Breathe out. —Poff— Gone.

Nag...

What a nice grey day! Autumn warms heart and soul, invites inspiration in!
Is there anything more beautiful than clouds over the mountains?
The smell of Fall tickles my nostrils...
Can life get any better?
Have to go for a walk...
A run, maybe?

But first... draw my weekly comic!
And maybe draw a bit on a song?
I need 5 or 6 song-comics for the concert... have to call and see if there are enough microphones...
Draw something for a friend? Yodle a tune... Yodle-eh-ee-ii...



...AND...

...and...

exercising and...

smoking and start

and I have to quit

and MONEY and games

about Confusia and my thriller

have to finish it... And what...

And the article on Alan Moore...

done! GTH!!

Everything is FUCKED!
I'll never get anything

Nag, nag, nag...



SOMETIMES
WHEN THE MOOD
HITS ME...

...I HIT THE
WALL...

'TILL MY
KNUCKLES BLEED...

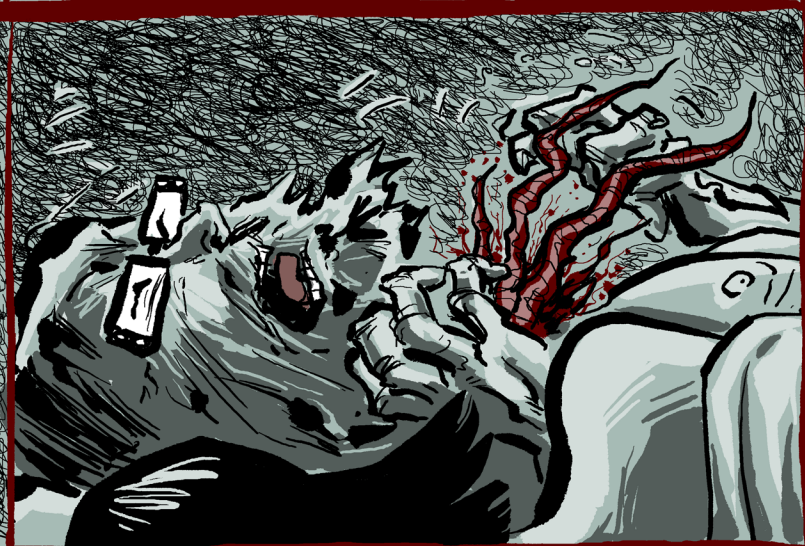
...IT
DOESN'T HELP
THE MOOD...

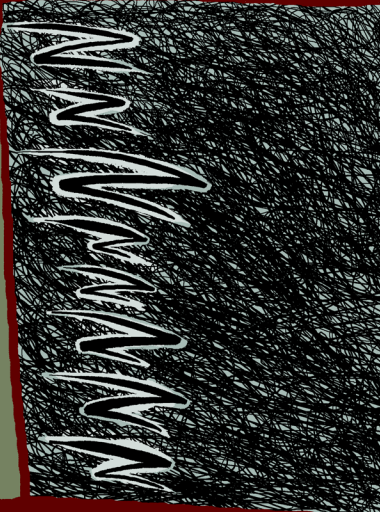
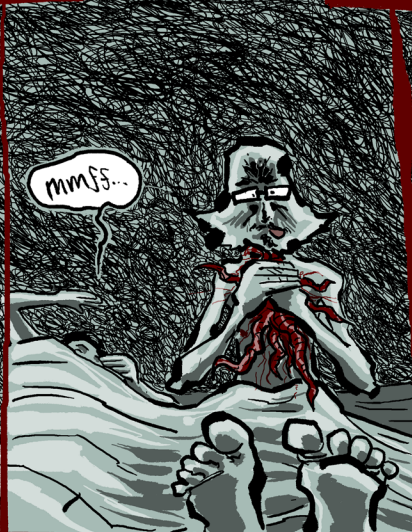
...BUT IT DOES
MARVELS
FOR MY
ART-STYLE!



Itch...

COHFF!
COHFF!



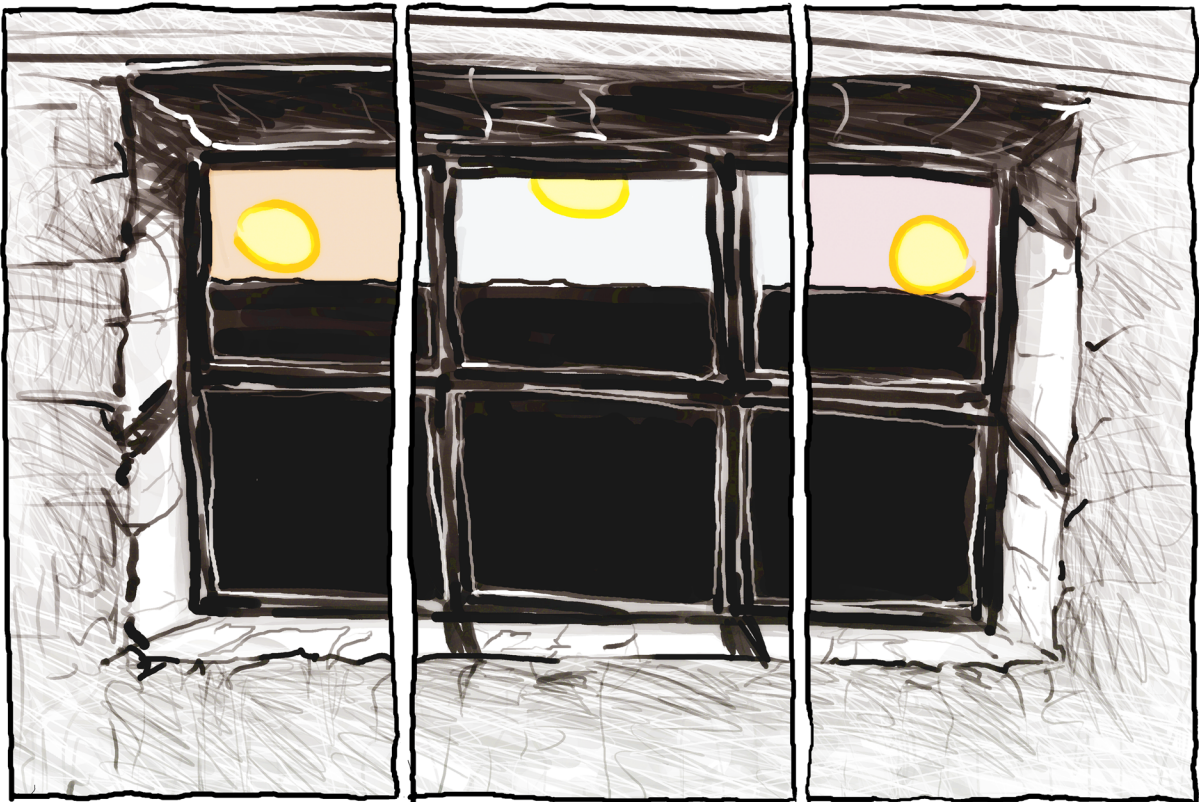


COFF!
COFF!
美

Narcissism...



The day goes by...

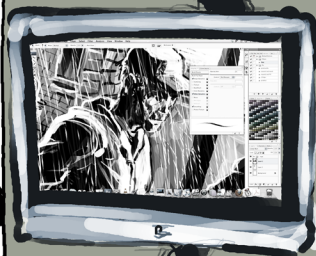
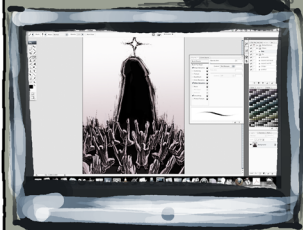
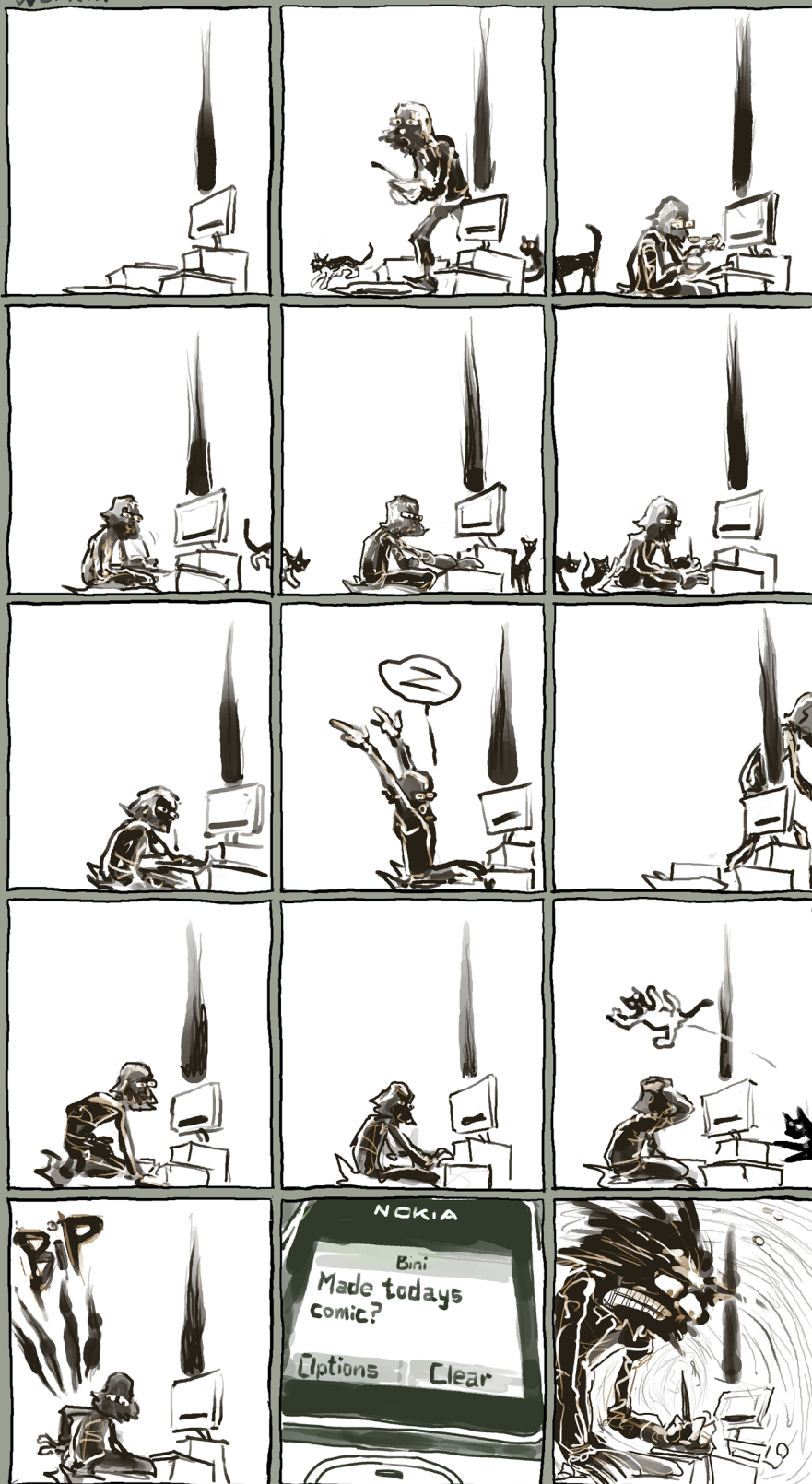


P
Ideas...



the end...

Work...



Done... 兼

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

WELCOME TO
THE SECOND YEAR
OF MY BLOG!
BETTER UNOT
BETTER!

THIS YEAR THE
BLOG WILL UPDATE
MORE OFTEN, WITH
LIES, COMICS
AND SCRIBBLINGS!

MAYBE
EVEN MORE
SONG AND A
FOOD RECIPE
OR TWO?

AND I PROMISE I WON'T
MAKE MORE COMICS
ABOUT NOT HAVING ANY
IDEAS FOR COMICS TO
PUBLISH EACH WEDN...



WEDNESDAY?



skrible skrible
Rable skrible skrible
skrible skrible
Rable Rable skrible



Skrible Rable skrible
Rable Rable
Rable Rable skrible
Rable skrible Rable
skrible



...



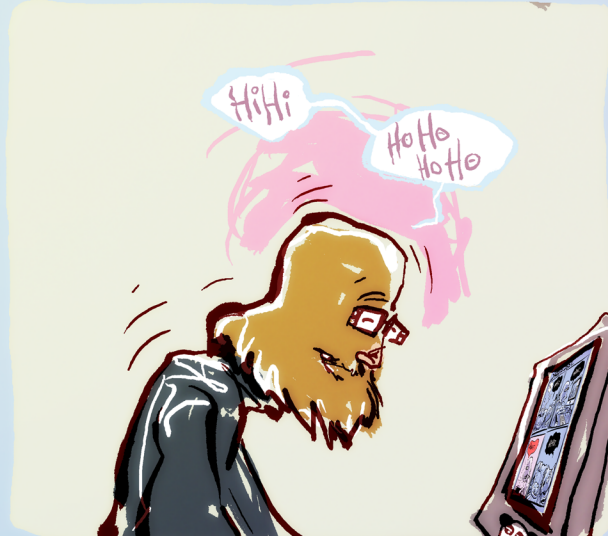
Skrible skrible Rable
Rable skrible skrible
Rable skrible Rable
skrible Rable skrible




Empty...



A Look back...



The background of the page is a light cream or off-white color, heavily textured with numerous red splatters and stains of varying sizes and densities. Some splatters are large and solid, while others are fine mist-like sprays. A prominent, thick, vertical red line runs down the left side of the page. In the lower-left quadrant, there is a black silhouette of a person wearing a hat and a long coat, standing and facing slightly to the right. The overall aesthetic is that of a vintage, possibly hand-drawn or spray-painted, artistic composition.

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you can use and resell this material however
you want, as long as you give proper credit.
Preferably to my site. Oh. and drop me a line.
'K, thanks.



This is a collection of autobiographical comics translated from my Norwegian blog. There was never any plan or any goals. Still don't really have a plan. But I think it's vital for artists, in this age of the interwebs, to find ways to distribute their work without the shackles of copyright. So if you've bought this tiny collection, thank you for supporting me, and please feel free to share it in any way you want. More people reading my comics means more ways to make money to use to make more free comics. I depend on you...



written, drawn, and
lived by
Kim Holm

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Thanks to @jf_moen @Gonzalex @Sallythatdraws and a stranger on Twitter for proof-reading.

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